

Saved from 4chan's /x/ on Friday Sep 28th 2012 at 1:31 AM
Eastern

Here's my story:

>be 16

>be black and have family down in Alabama

>they farm and own a huge amount of land down in Huntsville

>uncle owns a big house and a bunch of trailers they put out in the woods for hunting or camping

>down south cousins suggest that we go out there to camp

>know I'm a city kid from Chicago so they tease the fuck out of me

>collect food, kill a pig and some chickens, and bring necessities to camp out for a few days

>we get to the camp and it's obvious something is weird

>air has this weird electric smell like right before a storm, like ozone

>we think nothing of it and unpack and go down to a little creek to swim for a few hours

>All of a sudden some older white guy and a white teenager come out of the bushes

>he has a shotgun in the crook of his arm and says hello and ask us what we're doing this far back in the woods

>tell him about my uncle, who he knows, and say we're camping out

>he tells us we need to be real careful out here and stick together there was a big animal in the woods

>His son, who is my age asks if he can stay and hang out with us

>he says OK

I'm going to stop greentexting because the story is fairly long and the format is harder to write in.

So we end up playing football, and dicking around there are me, the white kid "Tanner", 5 of my cousins, and then 4 of their friends. 5 girls and and six boys we all were around 15-17.

We ended up just dicking the day away and going back to the camp and pulling out some stuff for a campfire even though the trailers both had kitchenettes. Tanner said he wants to run home, he's families property sits up against my uncles, and ask if he can come out camping with us. My cousin Rooster says he's going to go with him since it's getting pretty dark, and one of the girls says she's going to walk with them.

It's about 7 o'clock, and it's starting to get pretty dark. They take flashlights and take the trail toward Tan's property. The rest of us, chill and make smores, drink and kiss on the girls.

About thirty or forty minutes later there's the smell of ozone again you could smell it over the smell of the fire we has started and this really nasty coppery smell like right after you've had a nosebleed and it's stopped. It wasn't exactly like dried blood, but it was that nasty metallic, back of your throat smell.

We immediately think that it's some kind of electrical malfunction, or someone left a hotplate on or some shit. We search the trailers and nothing is on, and we all can smell it. All of a sudden we can hear people booking down the path toward us and Rooster, Tan

and the girl all come running into the clearing out of breath, and they don't even break stride they all run into the trailer right by where the fire is.

We all NOPE the fuck outta there and get into the trailers. They end up calming down, even Rooster is crying his fucking eyes out at this point. All the while the fire is guttering lower and lower so my other cousins say fuck it and are about to go outside to get the generator out of a shed between the trailers.

Tanner goes, fuck no. lock the front door, ain't nobody else going outside. He's been crying too and his eyes are bloodshot and puffy and his pants are dirty as shit.

He goes on to tell us, that they went up to his house, his father said sure he could go out camping but to make sure they were careful on the way back and that maybe they should take on of the hunting rifles just in case.

Evidently Tanner had seen something in their yard a few days before and then one of their pigs had come up ripped up and half eaten. They assumed it was just some big cats or coyotes even thought they don't usually fuck with live animals.

He had gone upstairs and packed his stuff, and told his dad they would be OK without the rifle because coyotes avoid people. So they started walking back toward where we were camping.

So, Rooster finally stops crying and shaking, the girl already had but she was just staring out the window with a dumb look on her face. He says they had gotten halfway into the woods toward the camp when they started to hear shit in the forest. It was almost pitch black by this time so they we're sure at first what the fuck it was, the girl says that she hear something in the bushes right off the trail and they all beamed their flashlights over there and there was someone standing back in the woods in a little hollow. Rooster said they had shout at him and told him that he was scaring the fuck out of them and what a dick he was.

He says that's when he realized that the guy was facing away from them. So they keep walking, and they start smelling the nasty coppery ozone smell, and they say that they look off into the forest on the opposite side, and its a dude standing in the forest, backward slightly closer to the path.

So now they start powerwalking and Tan keeps going, "I should have taken the fucking rifle." As they're telling the story the smell is still super strong even inside the cabin.

They say that after they started walking faster, that a kind of low gibbering had started coming from out of both sides of the wood. And they started booking it back to the trailer, the girl said she had flashed her flashlight out into the woods to the side of them and had seen something jerking itself through the woods and the gibbering just got louder and louder and when they could see the light from out camp fire something had come out of the woods about 40 yards behind them onto the track and they had just flat out ran as hard as they could to the trailer.

So we're out in the fucking woods, and we're at this point assuming it's some rednecks or some shit trying to fuck with us.

All of a sudden, my other cousin Junior starts going on about how he went to school with a native kid that was telling him about the goat man or some shit. We promptly tell him to shut the fuck up because we don't need any spooky talk right now.

But he just keeps going on and on about how it's the fucking goat man and how we're in his woods and blah blah blah. Now at the time, I had never heard of goat man or any of that, but then a couple years ago the year before I graduated from college I had a Menom for a roommate and I ended up asking him about it. And to sum it up, it's basically a fucking man with the head of a goat and he can shape shift and he gets among groups of people to terrorize them. It's also supposed to be kind of like the Wendingo and it's bad mojo to even talk about it and even worse if you see it.

Keep in mind, I didn't know this back when I was sixteen. So my cousin is going, the goat mans going to get in and fucking get us. The girl's are all terrified and my cousins and I are all fucking trying to figure out if it's just some hillbillies or if it's some animal.

So all of a sudden the smell just goes away. Like to this day, I haven't even experienced anything like it. Like usually smells fade away or get less. It just literally was there one second and then not the second.

So after an hour, making it around 9 or 10. We've stopped shitting bricks enough to go back outside and stoke the fire again. We figure it was just some assholes trying to fuck with us, so we don't go back home, because we think if we do, they'll chase us through the woods or some crazy shit.

Nothing else weird happens that night. And we stay another night, and for the main part of the night nothing happens. At about 1 in the morning we're outside getting drunk and telling ghost stories. As someone is finish some 2spooky story, I don't remember what about, the smell comes back. And it's so fucking strong that one of the girls literally starts vomiting.

I stand up, and you can actually feel how clammy the air is, and I say we should get inside. This isn't right, we should have just fucking left.

We all go back inside and we're standing around, and my cousin just keep going on about how it's the goat man. And my cousin rooster tries to shut him the fuck up. All the while I'm just feeling that something is wrong, and I can't figure out what the fuck it is.

We end up sitting in there for a while, the smell is just as strong and we're terrified and all huddled in this camper. We end up cooking brats for everybody because nobody wants to go outside. It's one of those packs with 4 brats in a pack we have a total of 3 packs. I grill them up on the stove and give everybody a hot dog. I get mine. After a while one of my cousins gets up and goes over to the pot to get another one.

He starts grumbling about how the fuck do I get two and everybody else only got one, and I look at him like he's fucking stupid. I tell him that everybody only got one because there were only 12 brats, if he wants more he should open up a new pack and cook some more.

That's when the girl that had been out with Rooster and tan just starts screaming, oh JESUS OH LORD GET OUT. She's crying and shivering, and then it dawns on the cousin standing up what the fuck is wrong. Me and him both glance around the room, and then I feel my heart fucking sink, I run the fuck out of the cabin and the girl runs out with us, the trailer door is banging against the side of the trailer as everybody books out of the cabin.

One of my cousins friends ask us what the fuck was wrong. And I start counting us, and there's only 11 now.

I shit you not, my cousin verified. There had been twelve people in the cabin. But being that everybody didn't really know each other well, nobody had really noticed the whole fucking time but there was an extra person. And then I realized earlier that I had kind of noticed something was off. You know how when you are just dicking around having a good time you don't sweat the small shit, and you don't always keep track of certain stuff, but I'm dead sure that someone else had been in the trailer with us, and that they had been their for at least a fucking day, eating with us. And what makes it worse is, I could figure out which one because I don't think anyone ever actually interacted with the other person/the goatman.

The girl kept praying to Jesus and we're all sitting outside, eventually we get big ass sticks and go back in the cabin and there's nobody in there. We count again, and there's 11 people. We go back into the trailer and lock the door. We explain what the fuck happen, and the girl says that she realized too and that whens he was about to say something the person sitting next to her had grabbed her leg hard and and leaned over toward her and said something she couldn't understand.

So we are pretty much scared as fuck and we huddle together and then I fall asleep. When I wake up the sun is just coming up, and half the people are asleep and then half are packing our shit up.

We all want to walk back home, but like 4 people want to stay until the sun is all the way up. And some people think that we're just fucking around and still want to stay at the trailers. I just want to get the fuck out of the woods.

The girls name was Keira, the one that the goatman had touched. Anyway I ask her if she really thinks it was something bad and she say she just wants to go home and she doesn't want to be out in the woods alone for another night.

So we decide to split people up and the 4 that want to go can go, and that I have to stay because I have the keys to the cabin and it's my uncles and I have to lock up. I'm super pissed at this point, because I feel like people aren't taking the shit seriously and I def don't want to be out in the woods for another night, so I spend the rest of the day trying to convince the rest of the people, now 4 girls and 4 guys to bet the fuck out of dodge. Tanner leaves with them to go get a rifle and says he's going to be back. So there are just 7 of us left this is about 4 o clock.

At around 5 he hasn't made it back yet and we're getting extremely fucking antsy, and the only reason I stopped begging them to go back was because he went to get a gun.

It's about 5:30 or so, when the one cousin that did stay says that the girl Keira is outside. We all look outside, and sure enough, she's standing by the firepit with her back to the cabin.

I'm thinking to myself, she was so fucking scared why the hell would she come back? And then I get this nasty feeling in my gut. Keep in mind, the whole time the coppery smell has be gone but now I realize I can smell just a twinge of it.

I say this to the rest of them and everybody, these are the people

that wanted to stay in the fucking woods after we had the god damn goatman in our midst, are laughing at me and asking did I set this up to scare them.

I'm looking at them like, I am not fucking bullshitting you at all right now. I ask them why the fuck would I play like that? So one of the girls goes outside to get Kiera, she gets halfway to her and stops cold. Keira starts heaving, I don't know how the fuck to describe it. Sort of like if someone with their back turned was laughing without actually making any sound. And it was the fact that I thought this that made me realize there was not a fucking sound in the whole woods, it was dead silent.

This was like later in September, so it was still fairly hot at the time, but it was super chilly some days too. And you could usually hear big ass geese honking or some kind of birds or squirrels chittering.

So I step out the door and tell her to come back in the fucking trailer right god damn now.

She backs up into the trailer and we lock the fucking door and pull down all the shades except one, and put someone there in a chair to watch her. She stands there for another 20 minutes or so, the guy turns to say that she's still there. And there's a huge fucking bang on the door.

We all jump the fuck up and scramble around the living room of the trailer. The bamping is super fucking loud.

He looks around the room and then gets super pale. He pulls me to the side and whispers in my ear, you know there are only six of you in here right. I get that feeling where you stomach drops in your nuts. It had been back inside the trailer while we were sorting out who was going where, and then when we all went outside to talk earlier in the day, it has just slipped right back in.

We look out the window and there is nobody out there. So we recount everyone and then basically, I go over and ask everyone

how many people were here earlier. And everybody says 8. I say, well how many are here now. They all do the count and then realize there are only now 7 people in the cabin.

So Tan had brought back a couple boxes of ammo and his rifle. And he had told his dad that there was some kind of animal in the forest because he didn't think his dad would believe him if he said it was goat man. He says that his cousin is supposed to be coming down in a few hours and that in the morning we can all go back to his place and his cousin will drive us home.

Now I'm really fucking terrified, but I at least feel better because we can be American and shoot the fuck out of whatever it is if it comes back. But then my cousin gets into this huge argument with one of the girls because she thinks that I'm trying to be funny and prank them and that she's getting really scared and that I'm not funny. He keeps telling her I'm not that kind of person and she says, well how do we know the girl wasn't just Tanner in a wig. Or if it's really the goatman, how do we know that this is the real Tanner and that goatman just didn't kill Tanner in the woods and take his gun?

So we fucking get into a huge argument about this, where me and Tan are like we could seriously be in danger because at the very least someone has be sneaking themselves into our fucking trailer without us knowing and mingling with us and at worst it something bad in the forest fucking with us.

One of the girls is crying and saying she wants to go right now, and we're trying to tell her that's a no fucking go because none of us are walking through the woods in the middle of the night. At this point the sun is starting to go down and it's getting a little cloudy out.

We eat something and turn on the radio for a while but we can't really get a station out there with anything decent so we turn it off at about the time that Tan's cousin shows up. At this point the sun is just barely over the horizon and he has one of those heavy duty lantern flashlights and another rifle. He walks up to the

trailer and we whisper to Tan asking if he's sure that's his cousin and he says yes.

The guy looks behind him and all around the camp, then walks in. He kind of glances at all of us and looks a little confused.

He says, where's your other little buddy at? I figured she would meet me up at the cabin, is she a little slow or something? And had we been cooking blood in the cabin because it smelled like bloody and hot pans all the way up the trail. We all fucking NOPE.betamax and ask him what the fuck he's talking about.

He had come down the same trail as Tan had been using and that he had come up on "one of you's guys buddies" standing the middle of the trail looking at him slackjawed. He had asked her a bunch of questions but all she did was just look at him, then she smiled at him and he said he kept walking but she couldn't seem to keep up with him and kept lagging a little behind him. He said he asked her was she hurt or something, and did she need help and she had continued to stare. He said eventually he had been walking and had turned around a bend in the trail when he turned around and went back to see if she was okay the trail was empty. He had assumed she had taken some short cut through the woods to our trailer.

We tell him the whole story of what's been going on. And he NOPEs the fuck out. Like I expected him to say we were full of shit, he was like 19 I think. But he just listened and then sat down on the couches in the living room.

He says, when she had kept trying to lag behind him it had kind weirded him the fuck out so he tried to keep her in front of him, but no matter how slow he walked she was always lagging a little behind. And that he smelled this nasty smell, and it got stronger as he got to the camp. He said, eventually it got really strong she had said something really low that he didn't catch and he had turned and she had been right the fuck up on him and he stepped back from her.

It was at this point he asked her if she was okay, and if she wasn't him to carry her back the rest of the way, and she just kept staring. He said he reached out for her, as in to grab her on the shoulder, but he must have "misjudged the distance" because she was off to the side of where he had put his hand, like she had moved while he was looking dead at her.

So at this point we know this shit's real unless Tan is playing a joke, which we can tell he's not because he's almost pissing his pants.

So the load up their rifles we eat some more and we just kind of sit around until about 11. To this fucking day, every time I think about this, I really pray to god that it's some huge prank that my cousins played on me and just never revealed so I would shit for the rest of my life.

At round 11, the stink of copper turns into an actual nasty gross blood smell, like cooking blood and singed hair. Tan and his cousin, Reese, get the fuck up instantly and grab the rifles.

There's like a half knocking half clawing at the door, and I shit you not there's this voice, and it sounds like when you see those YouTube cats and dogs whose owners teach them how to "talk", and it says in this halting weirdly toned voice, " Let me the fuck in stop fucking playing".

It made my fucking nuts creep up against my body, one of the girls just starts crying and calling on Jesus.

It was so fucking obviously not a person talking. It didn't have the right cadence, and that's some shit that I never realized until that moment, but all people have a certain cadence when they talk, no matter what language. All people have a certain kind of rhythm to talking.

This shit didn't have any kind of cadence or rhythm, YouTube those cats. That's what the fuck it sounded like outside the door. So no I'm in full on terror modo. And we keep yelling outside "who

is it, stop fucking around man." and it just keeps saying, "in" or "Let me the fuck in" for almost 15 minutes.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qff9V27Weaw>

It sounded like this almost only not funny. Sorry for being on a tangent, but if you can't imagine how this shit sounded, then you can't imagine how fucked up the whole situation was.

So then the smell goes away for a while. And for the next hour or so, you can hear someone basically creeping around in the woods and shit. And ever couple minutes it comes back into the door, and says something.

Finally when the smell fades away, it's around 2 in the morning right now. Reese says, man fuck this and opens the door and walks outside with his rifle.

He fires a shot into the air. And says something to the affect of, in the name of Jesus Christ go away. He fires two more times, and then from the woods right up against the river across from the trailer it sounds like something is is slowly jibbering and hooting.

Then it starts screaming and it sounds almost like a woman and a cat in a bag screaming together. Like I seriously have never heard any shit like that and you can hear the brush over that way start to shake, Reese fires over into the treeline and then starts backing into the house.

We lock the door, and we can hear this shit keening and screaming. Reese says something had come out of the bushes, super low to the ground crawling toward the cabin, he had shot at it.

Pretty much, that was how the rest of the night went, it literally was screaming constantly for the next 2 hours and we could hear shit moving out into the treeline. But it never came back up to the cabin until everyone had finally fallen asleep.

Tan had been sitting in the chair watching the door with his rifle, nobody else heard or saw this, and he told me two days later, after the whole thing was over.

He said he had been nodding off after the screaming and noises finally stopped, and he had been almost asleep when he saw someone come out of the bathroom and then lay down in the middle of the floor and go to sleep. He just assumed it was one of us and he had nodded off.

Then he said he kind of realized something was wrong and while pretending to be sleeping he counted us. There were 9 people in the cabin. He basically didn't want to try to shoot at the fucking thing in the cabin and have it kill us all then and there, or have Reese wake up and start shooting and then we kill ourselves. So he just stayed awake all night, pretending to be asleep.

He said sometimes it would stand up and kind of do this weird jittery thing, or heave like it was laughing. But then it would lay back down.

The story closes pretty weak, because from my perspective nothing happened. We woke up. And I noticed that Tan was a little jittery, and that he was avoiding looking at all of us. But we ate some breakfast, packed up and started walking to his house. He stayed last in the cabin and said he'd lock up and bring me my uncles keys, to just start walking and he'd catch up. Which I didn't really want to fucking do.

We got a little bit up the path, and then he came running up and basically we just jogged back to his house and his cousin took us home.

There was a window in the bathroom. Tan had gone back to lock up and look in there, he said there was a window, that we were too stupid to lock and that there was no screen on it. The window was fucking up when he went in there.

I'm guessing it had been doing that all along, waiting for us to fall asleep or slip up and then getting in among us. It walked with us all the god damn way back to his house and then he said it lagged to the back of the group and then looked him dead in the eyes and walked into the woods.